Miss Ruth E. Springs
Brownsville, Ont.
251-11 Mar4

Northern Messenger

Rates Inside | MONTREAL, APRIL 5, 1940. | 77th Year.

LOYAL SCOUT

By "YARN SPINNER"

(For the Messenger)

HUGH L'Estrange of the L'Estrange Electric Co. was not sorry that the day was almost over. With his father, the head of the firm up in Ottawa, most of the executive work lay on his shoulders.

First of all that morning there had been his father's phone message regarding the gadget for the new bombers. The drawings did not quite suit the head of the Government Department, and a new set had to be made.

Then by first mail the old drawings had come back, pencilled with suggested improvements. Most of the morning Hugh had been closeted with the chief draftsman. Then just as the drawings had been finished and were lying on his desk for final inspection, Mr. Coppinger had called regarding the contract for the lighting of the house he had taken on "the Hill." He had stayed for the best part of an hour talking first of his proposed lighting plans, and then of the war.

After he had gone there was further consultation with the draftsman. The whole day seemed to have been taken up between Coppinger and the drawings. And besides there had been the day's usual routine, the mail to be opened, read and answered, customers and salesmen to be seen, shop work to be inspected and the telephone going almost incessantly.

Now, however, there was a pause in the day's occupation. Customers had ceased dropping in, the phone for the time being was silent and the precious drawings were made up to go to Ottawa in care of Mr. Doyle, the Chief Clerk, by the night plane.

Hugh was going to have a "night off." Since his rescue by Scout Jim Rooney from the Canal that New Year's Eve he had become keenly interested in the Movement. He had been glad to accept the position of Assistant Scout Master under Mr. Doyle at St. Peter's Troop. Two of the boys were working for the company. Jim Rooney was in the shop and red-headed Mike Sullivan in the office.

As Hugh's eye rested on the package of drawings he felt a vague uneasiness at the back of his mind. What was it? —Now he remembered. He had seen Mr. Coppinger's light grey eyes rest on the drawings as they talked. He was vexed for he felt that he should have put them in his drawer before admitting anyone to his office.

But Mr. Coppinger—surely he was all right? Certainly he was a new customer, but he had come up from New York with a warm letter of introduction from a mutual friend. And he was enthusiastically loyal. "Glad to be back in a British country. Would have joined up if he had been physically fit. Had offered his services in any capacity in which he might be useful." Yes, surely Coppinger was all right.

* * *

"I'm sorry you won't be here for the meeting, Doyle," said Hugh as the Chief Clerk came in for the drawings. "However, I'll fill in as well as I can. Remember me to Father."

Doyle paused a moment before leaving the private office.

"I don't know what's the matter with young Mike Sullivan," he said. "You know what a lively kid he is. But I haven't heard him sing or whistle for the last two days. And he is "jumpy" when anyone speaks to him. I hope he isn't in for an illness. Just before he went home I asked him was there anything the matter, but I couldn't get anything out of him——It's not like Mike."

"Well," said L'Estrange, "I'll have a talk with him after 'Scouts'. If he's in any trouble we'll get him out of it, for he's a good kid at the bottom.—You're sure you can't come to the meeting?"

"No," Doyle answered, "I've some things to finish up here. I have my grip with me. I'll go from here straight to the plane."

* * *

Meantime, the subject of the conversation was on his way home through the driving storm of a February night. Six months ago, in the old "gang days" before he had joined the Scouts and gone to work in L'Estrange's, he and the "Canal Gang" had stolen a coil of copper wire from one of the company's contracts.

He felt that he should tell Mr. L'Estrange about it. He wasn't being as straight as a Scout should be. But he was afraid. His job meant a lot to him. For one thing it was an important step on the ladder of respectability and for another, with his father on "part time", his weekly wage was an important item in the family income.

His plan was to save the weekly "quarter" which his mother allowed him for spending money until he had

A FINE RECORD

"Up and down the Dominion, too, wherever I have gone, I have found companies of Scouts inspired by THE TRUE SCOUT TRADITION, ***as fine specimens of youth as you will find in the world.***

"Their Majesties were profoundly impressed by what they saw of our Cubs and Scouts in their journey through the Dominion and I can tell you that as Chief Scout I was proud of your achievement." — The late Lord Tweedsmuir.

$10.00. This he would give to Mr. L'Estrange "on account" of the wire. Perhaps then he would not "fire" him or send him to jail.

But here was Lefty Poloski, the son of the second-hand dealer threatening to inform Mr. L'Estrange—unless Mike would do a certain thing for him. It didn't seem much in a way. It was merely to "swipe" some drawings from L'Estrange's drafting room. Poloski told him that he wanted them for the boss of another electric company. It would mean $5.00 for Mike and if there was any trouble over it the other compay would give him a better job.

But the words of the Second Scout Law seemed to keep blazing before nis eyes—

A SCOUT IS LOYAL

to the King, his country, his officers, his parents, his employers, and to those under him.

Mike felt wretched about it.

He hurried by Poloski's, hoping that in the storm no one would notice him, but just as he passed the ill-lighted little lunch room next door to the yard he heard Lefty call his name from the doorway.

"Come in and have a hot dog, Mike." Mike attempted to pass without answering, but a skinny hand shot out and caught him by the collar. He was pulled into the room and pushed into a chair.

"Now," asked Lefty, "have you got the drawings?"

Mike answered in the negative.

"I'll give you one more chance," said Poloski. "Get them for me tomorrow and you get five bucks for a present. If you don't I'll tell your boss who stole his wire!"

Just then the telephone rang. Before answering it, Lefty locked the door and looked threateningly at Mike.

The latter heard him say, "Yes—What?—Tonight?—The drawings?——Doyle, eh!—Yes—Airport Road.—O.K.—I've got the kid here. O.K., I'll hold him."

He came round to where Mike sat. "Now young thief!" he said. "You're too late. We're going to get the drawings without your help. But you've got to stay here tonight. If you attempt to escape I'll get you!"

He called and another loutish youth appeared from the kitchen. Mike put up a strenuous resistance, in which the furniture and fittings of the lunch room suffered. Finally, feeling more dead than alive, he was gagged and bound hand and foot, and felt himself carried cellarwards.

* * *

As the cords were being bound round his arms Mike had the presence of mind to keep his muscles flexed; so when lying in the darkness he relaxed, he felt his bonds slacken.

FISHIN'

Supposin' fish don't bite at first,
What are you goin' to do?
Throw down your pole, chuck out your bait
An' say your fishin's through?
You bet you ain't; you're goin' to fish,
An' fish, an' fish, an' wait
Until you've ketched a basketful
Or used up all your bait.
Suppose success don't come at first,
What are you goin' to do?
Throw up the sponge and kick yourself?
An' growl, an' fret, an' stew?
You bet you ain't; you're goin' to fish,
An' bait, an' bait ag'n,
Until success will bite your hook,
For grit is sure to win.

—*The Symbol.*

As he lay there, one thing came to him more and more clearly. There was some plot against Mr. Doyle, some scheme to get the drawings!

As Mike's head cleared he worked his hands and arms. The rope hurt horribly, but at length his right hand was free. After that it did not take him long to get entirely rid of his bonds. He felt stiff all over and his head rang, but that did not worry him greatly.

To his delight the cellar door was unfastened. Lifting it he stood in the lunch room. A glance at the clock showed him that he had been in the cellar for nearly two hours.

He had heard Lefty mention Airport Road. That could mean nothing else than that Mr. Doyle was to take the night plane and that the intention was to hold him up on the stretch of lonely road that led to the airport.

He had heard Mr. Doyle say that he intended to work a while after the office closed that evening. That meant that he would go straight from there to the air port.

The night plane started in less than an hour. Perhaps he could get to the office in time to warn him.

He looked round for some weapon of offence or defence. A story which he had heard flashed into his mind and he grabbed two big pepper pots and shoved them into his pockets.

The flimsy lock on the front door did not detain Mike for long. In a moment he was running at the best speed he could make toward the factory. Fortunately the streets "down town" are pretty clear on a winter night.

As he came near the factory he saw a taxi draw up to the office door. He put on a spurt, but before he came within hailing-distance, Mr. Doyle, carrying his despatch case, stepped from the door into the waiting cab.

Mike had done his best,—or had he? "A Scout is Loyal" and loyalty does not accept defeat. Mr. Doyle had told him that it meant doing "just a bit more." Ploughing through snow and slush, he kept after the taxi. Twice it was delayed by traffic lights while Mike ran forward, recklessly dodging honking cars and shouting chauffeurs. Another delay took place at the junction of Canal Road and Main Street and here Mike in a desperate effort threw himself forward and climbed up on the rear bumper of the car.

* * *

MEANWHILE Hugh L'Estrange had gone home and changed, and was down at St. Peter's Troop. He always got a great "kick" out of it, but this night some of the "kick" was missing.

Mike Sullivan was absent and Hugh, remembering the oddness of the boy's behavior kept asking himself what was the matter. He had a "hunch" that all was not well with Mike. None of the boys had seen him. Tony Mantelli had called at his house but Mike had not come home from work.

The sleet drove against the club room windows. Hugh knew he was doing good work there. It was comfortable in the hall. It would be more comfortable still when he got home. Perhaps he might as well leave the "Mike mystery" till tomorrow. But there was that "hunch."

He was hearing a "Tenderfoot" repeat the Law. The Second Law seemed to stand out with extra vividness—

A SCOUT IS LOYAL

. . . . *to those under him.*

"And the same thing holds good of a Scouter," he said. Then calling Bill Manley, the other Assistant, he said,

"Can you carry on, Bill? Mike has never been absent. I feel that I *have* to look him up."

Hugh's first thought was to take a taxi to Mike's home. There was a rank of cabs half a block away.

As he went toward it a voice piped up, "Good night, Mista L'Estrange."

Looking down he saw Mose Johnson, the colored boy. Mose ran errands for a drug store after school. He got off "Scout Night" but was liable to be delayed in the store and late for the meeting.

"Good night, Mose," said Hugh. "Seen anything of Mike?"

"I shore did see 'um, Mista L'Estrange," said Mose with a flash of his white teeth. "I seen 'um on the back of a car. An' Mista Doyle inside."

To say that Hugh was surprised is putting it mildly. Doyle with the drawings making for the airport. Mike on the back of his car. This meant something important!

"When was this, Mose?" Hugh asked.

"Oh, five, ten minutes ago," said

(Please turn to Page 12.)

WHI

READERS HAVE MET—

GEORGE KOMAR, head of the Komar Fish Co.
RENDALL WILLIS, of the rival Willis Fish Co., which is trying to crowd out Komar.
ALIN SEATON, honest, loyal skipper of Komar's tug, the 'Kofisco'.
GORD LORING, Alvin's best helper.

We rejoin them on board the Kofisco, starting out good-heartedly to give a helping hand to the Willis tug, Stanton Lass, which is caught in an ice-field. Working their way through the ice is a slow job and they stop to make a sort of meal off roasted white-fish.

Their search leads them first to the tug—abandoned—then to the wreckage of a life-boat. No sign of the unfortunate crew is to be seen.

LES turned and his eyes met Alvin's. "What do you suppose has happened to the crew?" asked Les.

For a second Alvin studied the wrecked lifeboat again and then turned back towards the Kofisco's pilot-house.

"They've started out over the ice towards the beach, pushing the small boat along with them," Alvin stated, his face sombre. "Rowing the boat over open patches of water and pushing it along the ice they've got this far and then . . ."

He said no more. Once more the Kofisco's Diesel roared as he jerked over the throttle.

"Im afraid our search is over," Alvin said. "There's nothing to do now but head back towards Port Stanton with the sad news."

"The ice along the shore will be easier bucking so we'll follow along the shore of the point instead of hitting right out through the field," Alvin declared as the Kofisco jolted to its first stop.

* * *

TIRED from lack of sleep and gradually weakening on their inadequate diet the four young fishermen toiled strenuously as their tug pressed forward. In the same monotonous half hour shifts three of them wrestled with the clumsy wheel and all the time Alvin stood at the throttle, throwing it constantly from full speed ahead to full speed astern. Though sad because of the failure of their mission, they could not keep back that feeling of joy and relief which thoughts of home aroused within them. Sometime tomorrow morning they should reach Port Stanton and then it would be a good meal and a warm bed.

Dusk closed in around them when they were about half-way out of the Amherst Point ice field. They were still hugging close to the shores of the point and Alvin estimated that they were about half way in from the end. It was very still and cold and a grey, ominous sky hid stars and moon.

"We'll sleep two at a time and keep running all night," Alvin said. "The sooner we reach home the better it'll suit me."

out here."

Alvin stopped the engine and then peered at the minute point of light far ahead. For several seconds he held the binoculars to his eyes and then he handed them to Gord.

"A small fire on the beach," Alvin said as Gord took the glasses.

A camp-fire out here on barren, uninhabited Amherst Point! That looked interesting and Alvin started the Diesels, heading the Kofisco towards it.

* * *

SILENTLY the two stared at it as they drew nearer. Whether there were smugglers or some other suspicious characters on the point made no difference, for they on the Kofisco couldn't hope to approach unobserved, even if they did turn out their lights the far-reaching throb of their engine would give them away. Boldly Alvin ran the tug up to within a hundred yards or so of the beach opposite the fire.

"There's four or five fellows around that fire," Alvin stated as he studied it again with the glasses. "And they're waving to us."

"What do you think we'd better do?" Gord asked.

* * *

ALVIN didn't answer. He was still gazing through the glasses at that pile of burning driftwood on the beach. Suddenly he grabbed at Gord Loring's arm.

"Gord!" he exclaimed. "That's the crew off the Stanton Lass. I just recognized Rendall Willis in the light of that fire!"

"There's a stretch of open water along the beach and they can't get out here to us," Alvin said a moment later.

EUD

"We've got to take a boat in there over the ice."

Gord jumped back to the bunks and shook Les Barton and Jim Medlin.

"Hey! Get up," he called. "There's work to do."

Sleepily they jumped down from the bunks, rubbing eyes.

"You two stay aboard and watch the tug," Alvin said to them, "while Gord and I hit out across the ice with the boat for those fellows."

The lashings on the Kofisco's lifeboat that held it in place on the top of the tug's cabin were slashed hurriedly and Alvin and Gord lowered the skiff down onto the ice. With Alvin at the bow and Gord at the stern they set out dragging and pushing the small boat between them. Alvin chose a path with his flashlight that kept them on solid-looking ice as much as possible. Once Alvin fell through a soft spot in the ice, but saved himself by grabbing at the edge of the lifeboat. Soaked to the knees with icy water he trudged on without murmuring. Once or twice there was a stumble behind him and the lifeboat jerked but a second later they moved forward again as if there had been no interruption.

"Get your feet wet?" Alvin called back.

"I went in to my waist that last time," Gord replied nonchalantly.

At the edge of the patch of open water they pushed the boat off the ice and jumped aboard. Oars flipped out and half a minute later the bottom of the boat grated on the gravel of the beach. The five fellows of the Stanton Lass crew met them. There were no formal greetings.

"Got anyothing with you that you want to take out to the tug?" Alvin asked as soon as he was standing on the beach.

"We ate the last of our grub last night," Rendall Willis replied. "There wasn't anything else."

* * *

IT took two trips with the little boat to get the seven of them back across the lane of water to the ice. Alvin rowed and Gord went across with the first boat-load. Rendall Willis waited on the beach for the second trip. Rendall got on the seat behind Alvin and as they pushed off from the sand began to tell of their experiences on the Stanton Lass during the past few days.

"We got jammed fast in the ice when the wind turned west that first night," Rendall said. "We had some provisions aboard but I knew they wouldn't last long with the five of us so next day I decided that we'd better leave the tug and start out for Amherst Point. Our lifeboat that we were pushing along

the ice with us slipped into a crack between two pans of ice and was smashed but we got onto the beach safely. I planned on tramping along the point to the mainland but it was so cold and last night our grub ran out, I'm afraid we wouldn't have made it."

"I hope you've got plenty of food on the Kofisco," Rendall said a moment later.

"We've got a good supply," Alvin answered. 'About a ton to be exact."

Just then they reached the ice and Alvin didn't explain. In single file they set out towards the lights of the Kofisco a few hundred feet ahead. All that night the air had been very still; but as the group started across that short space of ice the eerie quiet of the night was interrupted by a whistling whine in the distance. Alvin noticed it as soon as it commenced and wondered about it. It seemed to come from the northwest and as seconds passed it grew louder and more distinct.

"What is that whine to the north?" Gord asked Alvin. The two had been walking along together at the bow of the lifeboat.

"It sounds like wind whistling through a grove of pine trees," someone else behind them said.

* * *

ALVIN listened to it for a few seconds longer before replying. He was uneasy about it, for whatever it was, it gave one a weird feeling; it was relieving to know that some of the others were noticing it, though.

"I don't know what it it is," Alvin stated, "but I do know that I wish we were aboard the Kofisco instead of out here on this ice."

Seconds dragged by. The whine grew into a shrill wail. The tug was only about a hundred and fifty feet away, but dragging the lifeboat made progress slow.

"Hurry!" Alvin said, his voice high-pitched like that mysterious noise which seemed to be enveloping them.

Seven strong backs put all their strength behind the burdensome boat. The Kofisco's lifeboat glided over the ice at twice its former speed.

"Faster!" Alvin called as a gust of wind brushed past his cheek.

As suddenly as the whine had first developed it ceased. But the second that the weird wail died out the group on the ice were enveloped in a maelstrom of swirling snow. A wind of hurricane force threw all seven of them off their feet to flounder on the slippery ice. Tiny flakes of snow bit into their cheeks and with blinking eyes Alvin watched the lights of the Kofisco disappear. Rising slowly Alvin fought his way against the blast back to the bow of the boat.

"Come on," he yelled above the roar of the blizzard. "The lights of the tug are out of sight, but we won't last long out here in this. We've got to find that tug!"

Dim figures hunched around the lifeboat behind him, barely visible in the beam of his flashlight. He counted; yes, there were seven. Stumbling and slipping they fought their way forward against the blizzard with the boat but the blast played with them like toys.

"It's no use, boys," Alvin yelled, "we can't do it. Leave the boat and strike out for the tug without it. Everybody join hands and hang on!"

* * *

IN a long meandering line they started across the ice. Alvin led, picking his way along with his flashlight, and keeping that blizzard always on his right cheek. It was the only way they would ever find the Kofisco in this and Alvin muttered it to himself continually: "Keep the blizzard on your right cheek," he kept saying. If the wind should change its direction they would not be able to tell but Alvin knew that there was small chance of the wind changing in the first few minutes of the blizzard. And unless they found the tug in a very few minutes, there was small chance of any of them surviving.

Leaning forward against the blast he peered for a trace of a light that would tell them exactly where the Kofisco lay, but nothing but a wall of blackness showed ahead. Snow blowing into his eyes made it impossible to hold them open for more than a second at a time. Alvin ordered a stop and listened in the hopes of hearing a blast from the Kofisco's siren, but only the roar of the blizzard came to their ears. Feet and hands were already paining with the cold and numbed cheeks no longer felt the bite of the wind. The Kofisco was only a hundred feet or so from them when the blizzard hit; surely they had travelled that far by now, Alvin thought. Perhaps they had gone past it without seeing the tug. He stumbled on for a few steps further, pulling the others behind him, then stopped again. He hated to admit it, but Alvin knew that it was so—they were lost on the Amherst Point ice field in the worst blizzard he had ever experienced on the lakes.

* * *

ALVIN didn't remember how long he stood there on the floes with that fury of wind and snow raging around him. Behind him cold, weakened fishermen slumped onto the ice, and snow rapidly began drifting over them. Somewhere near, probably not more than a hundred feet away was the Kofisco and warmth but it might just as well have been miles distant in Port Stanton harbor, for they could never find it in this blizzard. So thick was the snow that Alvin's flashlight would not penetrate as far as Rendall Willis, the last man in the line of seven fishermen strung out irregularly behind him and even if the fellows on the Kofisco were sounding the siren the noise wouldn't travel far against the roar of the gale. The wind stabbed through his clothing and all sense of feeling had left his hands, feet and cheeks. Frantically he called and then commonsense told him that it was wasted effort, his voice would be swallowed up by the blast before it had travelled any distance across the ice. He beat numbed fists together and waved his arms around him in an effort to revive the circulation, but it didn't seem to make him any warmer.

"Lost or not, we've got to keep moving!" Alvin said to himself.

Hastily he moved back among the others yelling at the top of his voice and kicking viciously at those who had let themselves fall onto the ice.

"Come on, I just heard the Kofisco's siren off to the left!" Alvin shouted encouragingly.

Slowly they began to move, stumbling forward into the blizzard. Aimlessly Alvin led them, his one thought being to see that none of them became separated from the group and every few steps he halted and took count.

"We'd better run!" Alvin called and started out at a trot, anything to keep the blood circulating in their chilled bodies. Swaying and staggering, the others followed silently behind.

How loug could they last? Alvin asked himself the question as they trotted haphazardly over the jagged ice. Weakened by a lack of food over

(Please turn to Page 12.)

Science and Religion: The Problem of our College Students

By HENRY H. GRAHAM

(For the Messenger.)

SOME time ago a young man came to me with these words: "I've just returned from college after completing my sophomore year in pre-med. Nearly all of my work was science. I've studied faithfully and have high grades to show for it. I'll be eligible to enter the finest medical school in the country. But—," he added hesitantly and a bit wistfully, "I'm not sure that I want to. I've changed. My whole attitude toward life has changed. The fine ideals I used to have no longer exist. I don't know just how to express what I mean——"

"I know *exactly* what you mean," I told him. "You've absorbed so many of the theories propounded by your science teachers that your religious beliefs have suffered."

He looked at me strangely, a serious stare on his face. "That's it," he said. "Somehow the utter futility of life has been impressed upon me. I begin to wonder whether there's any use of trying to be virtuous on this earth. For science doesn't believe there is any hereafter. They teach, as you know, a doctrine of absolute materialism. For months and months I've listened to them preach this sort of doctrine. Naturally, I have to accept it as truth or I have no basis upon which to build my future work."

Religion Proves Science

"YOU'RE wrong there," I told him. "Science and religion really have no conflict. The trouble is, you have heard so much of the scientific viewpoint that you've forgotten the Biblical facts you learned as a child. You need to be straightened out. Religion has a powerful and truthful answer to every assertion that science makes, Every false claim can be disproved and has been disproved repeatedly."

Whereupon I proceeded to tell him what course to adopt. He had often expressed an eagerness to hear, as he worded it, "the other side," and was relinquishing his childhood faith and convictions only with the greatest reluctance. Together we went down to the local library and asked the librarian what she could do for us. Undoubtedly she was familiar with our problem through past experiences as she spent half an hour searching out four books that would answer every question the boy might ask and eventually erase all doubt and gloom from his mind.

In addition to this I introduced the young man to a prominent physician who took an active part in church work. He knew medicine and theology, being well versed in both.

"All Square Again"

A SHORT time later I met the young man again. Gone was the old atmosphere of despair. In his face was a fresh, new radiance that proved he had rediscovered the God he had known in his early youth and subsequently lost.

"I'll never cease being grateful to you for telling me how I could get straightened out," he said earnestly. "It is all clear enough now. I can face the future unafraid. I tell you the most miserable thing that can happen to a human being is to lose his faith in God, in the Bible. Two weeks ago I was the most wretched mortal in existence. But those books and the doctor pulled me upward. I always wondered why my science teachers were so morose—why they appeared so hopeless. Now I know. It was because they had lost spiritual contact with God. That will do the same thing to anybody. Next fall when I go back to school I'm going to help them to see things as they really are. Most of those fellows have never known the blessings of early religious training as I have. I can easily understand their attitude because of my own case. From now on there's only one side to me—God's side. If it weren't for God there would be no science—no nothing."

Think of it. Here was a boy still in his 'teens who was going to turn evangelist to his professors—men and women old enough to be his parents. They were brilliantly educated, but—and the word looms large—their training had been lopsided, inadequate. All training is, that does not include religion.

(Watch for a sequel to this article Next Week).

"Foreigner, Can't You Do Anything For Me?"

IT must have been unbearably poignant for Dr. Winifred Galbraith when a dark-eyed Chinese lad, lying in blood and dirt on the stone pavement of an Army Medical Receiving Station, with the front of his body shot away, asked her, "Foreigner, can't you do anything for me?" And he is but one of thousands.

"The memory of the appeal in those black eyes, and the question, is a haunting challenge," says Dr. Galbraith.

A description of this receiving station, typcal of many, is contained in a leaflet written by Dr. Galbraith for the Foreign Auxiliary to the National Red Cross Society of China, of which the Bishop of Hong Kong is chairman. The difficulties of distance, shortage of personnel, of medical supplies and equipment, that the Chinese have to overcome are immense, though much progress has been made.

This particular station was a temple, with the old gods dusty and neglected at one end, and all around the courts soldiers lying on a little straw on stone pavements. To reach this temporary haven they had to travel for five days carried on stretchers. "It is the apparently limitless patience and endurance of the men that almost breaks one's heart," writes Dr. Galbraith.

We on this side of the world now have our own war to face, but we, at least, are well equipped and are not likely to suffer from a shortage of doctors, drugs and dressings. . . . Such supplies, Dr. Galbraith says, "arrive like manna from heaven to those who have been without."—C.E.N.

The Northern Messenger's "Canadian Christian Dollars for China" fund helps to increase this supply of "manna" for the needy.

Canadian Christian Dollars for China

Previously acknowledged & forwarded to Official Treasurer		$459.48
Further Contributions		138.19
"Friend", Hal., N.S.	$6.00	
Mrs. G. Johnstone, Man.	2.00	
"Can. Christian Dollars for China"	5.00	
Jas. Mathieson, Ont.	10.00	
"M.A.F.", Nfld.	5.00	
Mrs. H. A. Archibald, N.S.	1.00	
F. W. Fillmore, Detroit, Mich.	1.00	
"J. S.", Blair, Ont.	1.00	
E. M. Fraser, Sask.	10.00	
"Another Tither", Ont.	5.00	
"Mrs. C.B.F."	5.00	
Mr. E. Duncan, B.C.	5.00	
Mrs. E. L. Colpitt, N.B.	10.00	
B. J. J. Thorkelsson, Man.	1.20	67.20
Total		$662.87

Those love truth best who to themselves are true,
And what they dare to dream of, dare to do.

—J. Russell Lowell.

Northern Messenger

WEEKLY

Founded by John Dougall, 1864

Continuing the Canadian Messenger and Journal of Missions founded by John Dougall, (1855-7). Revived, 1864 as Canadian Messenger, Present title adopted, 1876

Printed and published by

JOHN DOUGALL & SON

(Frederick Eugene Dougall, surviving member of the firm)

at 360 Craig St. W., Montreal, Canada.

A Christian adventure for the whole family the Northern Messenger has for several generations been loved by young and old.

Interdenominational in its sympathies it is *free to serve* all Christians.

Entertaining, informing, inspiring, the heart and purpose of the Messenger is to declare the Gospel of Jesus, the power of God unto Salvation, and its challenge to Christian faith and living.

Subscription Rates Elsewhere
or on application.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS

Contributors of poems and articles who wish their material returned to them in case of rejection are asked to enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.

We cannot pay for Poems.

APRIL 5, 1940.

WORD FOR THE DAY

Sun : When the Son of man cometh shall He find faith?—Luke 18:8.

Mon. : Faith cometh by hearing, hearing by the word of God.—Rom. 10:17.

Tue. : O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?—Matt. 14:31.

Wed. : How is it that ye have no faith?—Mark 4:40.

Thu. : The churches were established in the faith.—Acts 16:5.

Fri. : They choose Stephen a man full of faith.—Acts 6:5.

Sat. : If ye have faith and doubt not ye shall not only do this but . . . all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing ye shall receive.—Matt. 21:21, 22.

The only safeguard against the radicalism of communism is the radicalism of a vital living Christian faith.—Sel.

I am profitably engaged in reading the Bible. Take all of this Book upon reason that you can, and the balance by faith, and you will live and die a better man.—Lincoln.

"Sunday is God's gift to man, and it has an ally in the heart of every right-thinking man and woman. The day comes as a bequest from the believers of the past, who won it for humanity's sake and who hallowed it as the Lord's Day."

No cloud across the sun but passes at the last, and gives us back the face of God once more.—Charles Kingsley.

The Way of the Cross

Mould us, O Christ,
Beneath Thy swift, creative hand,
To do Thy will,
To show God's love,
To make His world more free, more joyful,
To combat pain and wrong,
To pay, in our own flesh,
Our share of what it costs to help and save.

—J. S. Hoyland.

Look not mournfully into the past,—it comes not back again! Wisely improve the present,—it is thine! Go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear and with a manly heart.—Longfellow.

Look up and not down,
Look forward and not back,
Look out and not in—and
Lend a hand. —Edward E. Hale

The crest and crowning of all good,
Life's final star, is Brotherhood;
For it will bring again to Earth
Her long-lost Poesy and Mirth;
Will send new light on every face,
A kindly power upon the race.

—Edwin Markham.

Deliberate slowly, but execute promptly the things which have appeared unto thee proper to be done.—Lincoln.

Solving Home Problems

LOUD, angry voices of quarrelling children, ages four and two, sent me tense and irritable to my bedroom. Past experience had taught me that scolding, cajoling or demanding would not solve the difficulty.

I left the door of my room open, and on my knees before God, tension left—quietness returned.

Soon came the crying, clamoring children. My son knelt on one side of me, my wee daughter on the other. Gradually the sobbing subsided; the petulant voices were silent in a stillness only God can give. Aloud, in short simple phrases, I asked God to forgive our impatience, our quarrelling, our hitting one another and to help us be more unselfish, more lvoing. To my surprise my son softly repeated each phrase and the baby caught and repeated a word or two. When we rose from our knees the children ran off happily to their play and I to my work in the kitchen.—T. Stone in the (Baptist) *Link and Visitor.*

Godspeed

To the men overseas

Young men of quenchless faith
Marching in step beneath
The flag ye love,
To stablish in the earth
All that ye hold of worth,
Today we send you forth
That worth to prove!

Not with a facile cheer,
Nor with a fruitless tear
We speed you on;
But with a fervent prayer,
"God keep you in His care,
As for His cause you dare,
His will be done."

There, in the fighting-front,
Bearing the battle-brunt,
Quit you like men!
No foe can make you yield,
Nor flee the stricken field,
For Christ's your sword and shield,
Once and again!

When o'er the seas you come
Back to our heart, and home,
(Rest those who fall!)
Great shall your welcome be,
In this lov'd land that ye
Have held for liberty:
God save you all!

—Rev. Samuel Prenter.
N.S.W. Presbyterian.

True nobility comes of the gentle heart.—Dan Michel of Northgate.

A Man can be Transformed

CHRIST sees a man in sin, and says, "Every power which that man sins with, he might be holy with. Every faculty he serves the devil with he might serve Me with. With all the richness with which he is wicked he might be good. I will go and put myself into his life, and its vigorous vitality taking hold of Me, a little at first, shall possess Me more abundantly till I have transformed it to Myself."—Phillips Brooks.

Prayer

ALMIGHTY God, who art the source of health and healing, the spirit of calm and the central peace of the universe, grant to us, Thy children, such a consciousness of Thy indwelling presence as may give us utter confidence in Thee. In all pain and weariness and anxiety may we throw ourselves upon Thy besetting care, that, knowing ourselves fenced about by Thy loving omnipotence, we may permit Thee to give us health and strength and peace, through Jesus Christ our Lord.—C. M. Addison.

Young People's Bible Reading

Hosea—Prophet of God's Love

by BERAN

For Sunday
April 14, 1940.
Hosea 6:1-7;
14:4-9.

THE Book of Hosea is a difficult one. There are passages in it which have been loved all down the centuries. But much of the book remained obscure till within the last half century it was opened to us by devout Christian scholarship.

Here is the story as we read it today: While Amos was in Bethel thundering against the evils which he saw were driving the nation to destruction, a young man was living in the northern part of the country, probably in Galilee.

A brave man, a good man, a patriot, the evils which Amos denounced weighed also on his heart.

Gentle, quiet and sensitive, a lover of nature, a lover of home, he might never have been known outside his little circle but that the tragedy of the nation reached into his home.

Jeroboam I in violation of the Second Commandment had placed images of "calves" (oxen) in Bethel and Dan. They were supposed to "help" people to worship God, but people began to worship the images instead of God.

To make things worse, when the Israelites had entered Canaan they found "high places" where the Canaanites worshipped their Baals "on every high hill and under every green tree." They retained these high places. Sometimes they mixed up the worship of Jehovah with the worship of these gods.

The simple wilderness-worship of Jehovah became unfashionable. The "Gods of the land" didn't care whether people were good or not. In fact wild dances, drunkenness and other evils often formed part of their "worship".

"Private as well as public honor was lost. Immorality was openly practised unrebuked. The debasing customs of the Canaanitish neighbors of the Israelites were eagerly adopted." (Sanders and Kent)

Sometimes people would lightly switch from one worship to another and back again, thinking perhaps that they could "make up" with Jehovah by offering a few extra prayers or sacrifices.

Joy and Sorrow

HOSEA married a young woman named Gomer (Perfection) and for a while they were very happy. Three children came to them, two boys and a girl. But Gomer began more and more to neglect her home and to mix with the gay crowd that attended the Canaanite festivals.

Then there came the terrible day when she did not return. Weeks and months went by. Hosea had to be both father and mother to his children. He was urged to forget Gomer and to start life over again. But he found that he could not. He thought of the happy old times and his love and pity and longing went out to the woman who had made such a terrible blunder of life.

And then the thought came to him,

Was there ever kindest shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the Saviour Who would have us
Come and gather at His feet?

It is God: His love looks mighty,
But is mightier than it seems;
'Tis our Father: and His fondness
Goes far out beyond our dreams.

There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice
Which is more than liberty.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind,
And the Heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

* * *

If our love were but more simple
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

—*F. W. Faber.*

"If I a man love and sorrow like this, must not God love and sorrow infinitely more," so he went out to tell people of God's suffering, forgiving love.

One day, going through a slave market, he saw Gomer, no longer gay and beautiful, but wretched and broken in health. He ransomed her.

"'Children, your mother is coming home,' Hosea told them with shining eyes. 'She has been sick a long time, and you must be very good to her.'" ('Men Who Stood Alone.')

So Hosea felt sure that, though there might be a long discipline of suffering, God's love would finally draw Israel back to Himself. Warnings against the inevitable results of sin and bright distant glimpses of future restoration alternate in his discourses and writings.

Hosea was the first of the prophets to speak of God's longing and forgiving love. But he taught that Israel's repentance must be no light, superficial thing; it must be real, if there is to be a true restoration. God's love is no easy "good nature."

It is by no breath,
Turn of eye, wave of hand, that salvation joins issue with death.

(Browning)

"Sure as the Morning"

THIS stern, high truth is brought out in our first passage. Israel is threatened with foreign invasion. "Hosea . . represents the people as counselling one another to repentance in presence of the impending danger; and goes on to point out the futility of a hurried repentance and the greatness of their sin." (Dummelow)

"It is a pain to treat these beautiful words of contrition and repentance as a prayer which is uttered in vain and rejected. But it is impossible in any other way to fit them in with what follows. (vv. 4-11) . . . With this stern teaching of the prophet a new notion of repentance breaks in upon the mind, 'heart sorrow with a clear life ensuing', not lip-confession, without the sense of sin or the serious purpose of amendment." (Horton)

But the words are very beautiful and when rightly used are among the most fitting that could come from our lips.

Let us know.—"Their standing fault was that they had not the knowledge of God. (4:1) Their repentance verbally, at least, expresses the right purpose." (Horton)

Follow on.—Here again is a fine

(Please turn to Page 8.)

Memory Verse

If we confess our sin, he is faithful and righteous to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

—I John 1:9.

DAILY BIBLE READING

Mon.—Hosea 6:1-7
Tue.—Hosea 14:4-9.
Wed.—Hosea 11:8-11
Thu.—John 3:16-21
Fri.—I John 1:5-9
Sat.—Psalm 51:1-10
Sun.—Psalm 85:1-13

APPLE JUICE, THE CANADIAN BEVERAGE

MANY authorities have called attention in the Press to the valuable qualities of Canadian apple juice, saying that it is rich in vitamins and health-giving but none, one thinks, has told of its most important function, namely its capacity for supplying the potassium lost by the muscles, after fatiguing and unusual exercise.

Everyone has probably had the experience of soreness and aching of the muscles after the first day's horseback riding, the early game of golf or of felling trees in the forest. This soreness is due to the loss of potassium sustained by the soft muscles. The only effective remedy is a supply of potassium to fill the gap.

Each pint of apple juice contains nine grains of potassium, an amount greater than that lost in the unusual exercise. —The Health League of Canada.

Don't use a gallon of words to express a spoonful of thought.—Selected.

The best advice you can give your friends is a good example.—Sel.

"BEER IS BEST LET ALONE"

THE Headmaster of Sidcot School some time ago issued the following commentary on "The Nutrient Value of Beer."

"In the Current Events Class at Sidcot, various topics are discussed and an effort is made to present both sides of important questions to the older boys and girls. For this purpose outside people have sometimes come and presented a special point of view.

The Directors of a large Bristol Brewery were asked if they would send a representative to state, on scientific grounds, the nutrient value of beer and to explain the scientific principles behind the slogan "Beer is Best". It seemed only fair to afford this opportunity in view of the fact that people speak to the School from time to time on clear temperance principles.

The Bristol Brewery Company could not send a speaker and referred the matter to the Brewers' Society. At the same time, they kindly invited a party to Bristol to see how beer was made. This, however, was not my intention, I wanted scientific reasons for the statement that "Beer is Best."

A Committee of the Brewers' Society considered the question, and Sir Edgar Sanders, the Director, wrote that they could not accede to our request. To give such a talk might be misinterpreted and they wished to refrain from any action which might imply that they were advocating the consumption of beer by boys and girls between fourteen and eighteen years of age.—Alliance News.

OUR AIM

This only be our steadfast aim,
When clash of cruel war shall cease,
From out man's sacrifice and shame
To build with Thee one realm of peace;
Where lust of power shall have no place,
Nor fear and hate, nor proud disdain;
But man with man, and race with race,
Shall serve, and Thou alone shalt reign.

—Canon Briggs.

HOSEA

(Continued from Page 7.)

thought. Our knowledge of God becomes deeper as we "follow on to know Him."

Sure as the morning . . . and the rain.—Very beautiful and true if our hearts are honestly set toward God; but terribly mistaken if we think, like Israel, that we can play fast and loose with God and His mercy and goodness.

Easy, cheap, "sentimental," superficial religion is ruinous alike to individual and to national life.

Oh Ephraim.—"The Eternal himself is perplexed to know what to make of people like these; for their love which He craves, and which is the only basis for sincere contrition, is like the morning mist, which is quickly dissipated by the rising sun." (Sanders and Kent).

I hewed them by the prophets. . . The light (lightning) that goeth forth.—Their repentance is shallow, their goodness transitory so that instead of pardon comes the indignant word of God through His prophets and His flashing, cleansing judgments.

For I desire mercy.—This great prophetic utterance was one of our Lord's favorite quotations. (Matt. 9:13; 12:7) It was indeed continually exemplified in His life and teaching. Samuel had said something like it. (I Sam. 15:22) But note that Hosea rises much higher. Obedience is noble, but mercy, "loving kindness" is the very character of God.

Like Adam.—In regarding sacrifice as a substitute for goodness they had broken God's covenant as Adam had done by his disobedience.

There.—In the land given them on condition of a good and holy life.

Restoration

BUT the great message of Hosea, "the Gospel prophet", is "Good news." It is a message of hope, of restoration, in the mercy, the "loving kindness" of God.

Turn to our second passage, a passage of thrilling beauty, in which Hosea crowds picture after picture in telling of God's restoring love to His people.

Let us take it from 14:1: "Fallen, sin-stained people, come back, I beseech you, to Jehovah your only true God. Come, bringing not . . . sacrifices but true words of contrition. Let your prayer be, 'Cleanse us thoroughly from our sins, accept as our best offering the confessions and faithful vows which we now make. At last we have learned that Assyrian alliances will not save us, nor Egyptian cavalry. . . . To Thy mercy, O thou Father of mercies we commend ourselves.'" (Sanders and Kent)

And God answers, "I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely." "How does He heal backsliding? by the grace of love, and by a free forgiveness." (Horton)

Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you:
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

As the dew.—Falling every morning. Lack of rain made the land dependent on heavy dews.

The lily.—The image of fruitfulness. (Comp. Isa. 27:6)

But the lily soon fades; the Prophet must choose another simile. Like Lebanon.—That is a grand simile—"this deep-rooted, steadfast, far-seen and much-loved mountain." (Horton)

Like the mountain but like a tree also, for a tree is a living thing. Israel shall be like one of Lebanon's cedars with their great spreading branches.

"Like the olive which bears its silver-grey foliage winter and summer. (Psa. 52:8; Jer. 11:16), a beautiful symbol of the unfailing grace of God." (Horton)

Smell as Lebanon.—"Clear mountain air scented with pines." Travellers tell of the air of Lebanon scented with aromatic shrubs, lavender and fragrant reeds. So the influence of Israel, and of the Christian, is to be widespread lovely and refreshing.

But the prophet requires another image. He thinks of the mountain now as like the overshadowing protection of God. Under His shadow Israel shall "revive as the corn and blossom as the vine." Corn (wheat) is the symbol of strength, the vine is the symbol of joy. The thought comes into the Sacrament of Holy Communion.

So our passage ends in a joyful dialogue between Ephraim (Israel) and God. The nation is like the tall, stately serviceable fir tree. Her life and her strength come from God.

Questions

1. Where did Hosea live?
2. What was the condition of the country?
3. "Then shall we know—" Complete the clause.
4. "I desire mercy—" Complete the sentence.
5. "I will heal their backsliding—" Complete the sentence.
6. What flowers, trees and crops does Hosea mention in speaking of restored Israel?

(For Answers, see Page 12.)

The Cabin in the Woods

By M. W. Fox

(For the Messenger.)

A LATE, heavy snowfall and a sudden cold snap had plunged the world back into winter again. Under the bright March sun the fields glistened invitingly and there was a crisp, fresh smell in the air.

"Great day for a snowshoe hike!" suggested Burton Norris to his chum, Raymond Crocker.

"Let's!" answered Raymond. "Across the fields and out the Black River road to the woods."

So soon the two were busy mending up the old snowshoes belonging to the families, they hadn't been used much of late years—hockey reigned supreme in Clayton, the railway village where the two boys lived.

"Say, mother, fix us up a lunch, will you?" requested Raymond. "Something we can strap to our backs and not be too heavy—some good thick sandwiches made with that cold beef would be nice, and some cookies. Burton's taking that kit of his to make some coffee on and heat a couple of cans of beans with—I said I'd do the rest."

"All right, sonny my boy," agreed mother. "Suppose a half dozen doughnuts would make it too heavy?" she twinkled.

"Mother—you're a peach."

"When will you be back, son?"

"Haven't faintest idea mother—only you won't need to worry, Mum, if we're late. You know me. We might even stay over night if we get a chance."

"Sure, I know you," and Mrs. Crocker placed a hand on her boy's shoulder. "You've never given me cause to worry yet, so I guess I can trust you to go off on a bit of a snowshoe hike. Only—have a good time and tell us all about it when you come back."

Mrs. Norris was the same kind of mother, and her boy, Burton, Raymond's kind.

The two boys were soon out in the snow-carpeted fields, a bit of a thaw the previous day had made the snow just about right for good snow-shoeing.

"Did you ever see a nicer sight than those pure white fields!" glowed Raymond. "Not a mark on 'em—seems almost a pity to walk on it. I never quite grasped it before—why the Bible said 'white as snow' when it meant a thing was really clean or pure."

"Gee-whizz, I never thought of that! Whitest thing there is all right. Gives a fellow a thrill to be the first walking on it."

* * *

THEY came, after a bit, to the woods—mostly evergreens. Here there were little marks of animals feet in the snow, of rabbits, birds, deer and the like. The odour of fir and pine were all about them as they threaded their way amongst the trees. Not so easy snow-shoeing here, of course, as in the open—but the deep green against the white of the snow and the tang of the trees enhanced their enjoyment.

"Say, the Burchill's camp is somewhere about here!" announced Raymond at last. "A little further on towards the stream—think I can find it, I was there with dad once in the fall when they were hunting deer."

"All right, let's head for it. Be great

if we could get in and eat our lunch there."

"Oh, it is sure to be locked—pretty fussy about it. But it's got a cook-stove and all. Say, wouldn't it be gorgeous if we could get in, I'd like nothing better than to spend the night there."

In fifteen minutes or so they had found the camp. On a little cleared knoll surrounded by pine trees. A neat log cabin with bright red shingled roof and a screened porch on there in front—snow all about it. The boys were all excitement. They felt as though they had just discovered a new world. Impetuously they got out of their snow-shoes and were soon at the screen-door of the porch.

"Locked! Padlocked!"

"Of course!"

They went round to the window. The glass was covered with a wooden shutter, nailed on.

They were a disappointed pair.

"If a fellow was really keen on getting in—he'd get in all right," grinned Burton.

"Why, I could take the nails out of that screening on the porch-door with my jack-knife, roll the screening back and—in I'd go. When I came out I'd nail the screening on again—no one be a bit the wiser. And so long as we hurt nothing inside."

"But you'd only be in that porch-place then. We'd still have to get through that inside door to the cabin—it's padlocked too," grinned back Raymond. "But I guess I could spring that with a stone or something."

For a few moments the two hesitated before the door. They were both keen on entering but—"The last words mother said to me before I left was 'Well have a good time, son, and tell me all about it when you come back'—it may sound silly, but I don't believe I'd care to tell her I'd broken into Burchill's camp," and Raymond laughed a bit shamefacedly.

"Guess you're right. It's a little thing but—not quite as white as that snow there. If we were really up against it and needed to go in it might be different," Burton was strapping on a snow shoe now.

Just then they heard a thud, thud, from somewhere.

"Sounds as though we're going to have company!" The two hastily hustled behind the camp, snowshoes in hand. In a moment they spied two men tramping around the corner.

"Someone been here on snowshoes!" exclaimed a voice.

"Well, they haven't gone in—no marks inside the porch. God cold feet—let a couple of bits of padlocks keep 'em out!" and there came a loud guffaw of derision.

* * *

BURTON and Norris knew both voices—Pete McGinnis and Ned Owens, the two loafers and sort of toughs of the town. They would mean no good even off here in the woods.

"We'll soon rip through them padlocks and help ourselves to what's inside," came then in Pete's voice.

"Oh no yo uwon't!" and there stood Burton by Pete's side, eyes flashing as though a veritable "Daniel had come to Judgment."

"How long since the Burchills sold you their camp?" came in another youthful voice—Raymond was speaking now.

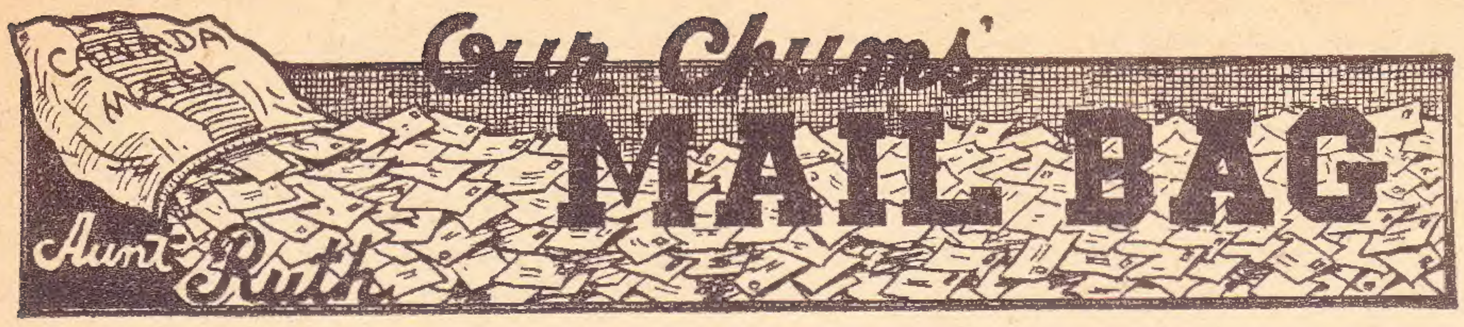
"What you two kids doing here?" and Ned Owens looked angrily at the seventeen year old lads.

"Well we're not bustin' into places that don't belong to us—that's sure," answered Burton sturdily. "And what's more—you break those padlocks and go in there and I'll go straight to Burchills and tell them. I'm no tattler—but in this case that's what I'll do."

"You will eh? Pete you get busy on that outside padlock!" yelled Ned angrily and grabbed an arm of each of the boys.

In a minute Pete, with something from his pocket, had ripped open the outer padlock, while Ned was wrestling with the two boys trying to drag them into the porch. It wasn't easy, despite the fact that Ned Owens was a well-known fighter, but at last he had them in and, as he held them, threw a ring of keys towards Pete. "Try

(Please turn to Page 11.)



DEAR CHUMS,—

The Easter Bunnies have disappeared and the March Storms with them, and April with its showers and sunshine is here again. Mothers are thinking of house cleaning, fathers (if they are farmers) are looking to the planting of crops. Spring has its special jobs for everyone.

One of these, important too, is the storing away of winter equipment. Mothers generally take charge of the packing away of woolen things—mittens and sweaters and ski-socks. Cedar and moth-balls and a good storing place will keep them safe till next fall. Skates should be kept in a dry place where the blades will not rust. Skis should be very carefully put away so that they will not become warped and useless. They should be firmly strapped together at both ends with a little block separating them in the center to increase their spring. Talk to a ski expert and find out how to do this and you will be pleased with the results next year.

Then out with your gardening tools or fishing tackle and get ready for spring!

YOUR LOVING AUNT RUTH.

P.S. Riddle Contest Continues.

* * *

Dear Margaret Stevenson,—Yes, it has been a long time since we have written and we must keep up our correspondence. I am twelve years old too. I can skate. This year is my third year. It certainly is safest to take a pillow. I haven't chosen any favorite authors, but I like the Polly Brewster series and Ethel Morton series. When I grow up I want to be a school teacher.

Yes, I am going to high school. In fact, I will have to if I want to be a teacher. I don't go tobogganing very often. Can you ski? I can a little bit.

During the Christmas holidays I wasn't feeling very well. Now I have been in bed with pleurisy. I must close now. Good-bye,—Lois Barnett, N.B.

P.S.—Please write soon Don't take as long as I did.—L.B.

———:(O):———

To Edna Garrett from Maxine Rance

Dear Edna and Chums,—I read your letter in the Messenger some time ago and I intended to write sooner, but I misplaced the paper.

Do you like reading? I do and my favorite authors are L. M. Montgomery and L. M. Alcott.

What are your favorite indoor and outdoor sports for winter and summer? In winter my favorite indoor sport is badminton, and my favorite outdoor sports are skating, tobogganing and skiing. In summer I have no favorite indoor sport. As an outdoor sport I like swimming. I know practically every stroke but the crawl.

I am in Grade XI at School and take the following subjects: Geometry, Ancient History, English Literature, French, English Composition and Chemistry.

I like the stories "Winter Mail Mystery", "The Player from Elmdale", and "Poor Man's Fortune" in the Messenger. I get the Northern Messenger at Sunday School every Sunday and I always turn to our Chums Mail Bag first. I always like to see who is Star Correspondent for the week. Your new Chum,—Maxine Rance, Ont.

———:(O):———

My dear Aunt Ruth:—Here I come to join your club. I live in the country. I am about three miles from school. I am in Grade VI. I am not in school now because the teacher left.

There is no skating pond around here, so all I can do is coast. I have a dog and his name is Fido. He is brown and white. I have sent in some riddles to the riddle contest.

My favorite subjects are Health, Science and History.

* *

Last Month's Star Correspondent

EDNA MILLS

Honorable Mention

Nona Vail

* *

This Week's Star Correspondent

MAXINE RANCE

Honorable Mention

Evelyn Pasquino

* *

I have four sisters and no brothers. Their names are Mona, Lois, Jean, and Vera. Well, I guess I will close for now. Lots of love,—Dolly Mae MacLennan, C.B.

———:(O):———

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums;—This is my first letter to your page. I am 13 years of age and in grade 8 at school. My favourite subject is spelling. I am the youngest girl in our family. I have one brother younger than myself and three older and I have three sisters all older than myself.

I get the Northern Messenger every Sunday and I always turn to page 10. I haven't missed any Sundays yet this year. My nephew, Ronald goes to Sunday School with me, he is only four years old. There are about 30 children going to our Sunday School. There are also 30 going to our school. I will close now as my letter is getting long. Your new chum,—Jeanette Pasquino.

P.S. I would like some chum my age to write to me,—J. P.

———:(O):———

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums:—I have never written to your page before so have decided to do so. I read the Northern Messenger every Sunday. I am fifteen years of age and am in grade 9 at school. We have about 5 feet of snow just now and the roads are blocked. I have four brothers and three sisters. My sister's names are Jean, Rosa and Margaret, and my brother's names are Tom, Ronald, John and Ralph. I have one niece and one nephew, Barbara and Ronald. I hope to see my letter in print so I will say goodbye and leave room for the rest. Your new chum,—Evelyn Pasquino, Ont.

———:(O):———

To Isabella Jean Robertson from Elizabeth Moote

Dear Isabella,—I am pleased to learn through the Northern Messenger of a girl who will be 13 years old this 24th of May, just like myself. I am in grade 7, and am 1 and a quarter in. shorter than you, but my Dad. says this is a big world to grow in.

This is Palm Sunday and I went to Kintore United Sunday School this morning and then to church. My father is the minister. My uncle Rev. O. L. Wood is a Presbyterian missionary in Central India.

I suppose you are wondering if I have any sisters. Well I haven't even one, but I've got three brothers. The oldest is Bob, age 15, then Dave, age 11, and Lloyd the youngest was 9 on Good Friday this year.

Easter didn't look like Easter around Kintore this spring. I hope you all had a very Happy Easter, especially little Edith.

Well, good-bye for now, for I know I will be hearing from you soon.—Elizabeth Moote, Ont.

CABIN IN THE WOODS

(Continued from Page 9.)

these on that inside padlock," he said. In a jiffy Pete had the inner door unlocked. It was all that the two toughs could do to drag the two boys inside the cabin. Then Pete bolted the door from the inside and pulled a flashlight. He lit a lamp sitting there on a little table.

"You two stay right here unless you promise not to blow on us to the Burchills," and Pete shook his fist at the laughing boys—the boys had no intention of letting the two rough-necks think they were scared of them.

"Didn't you understand what I told you out there—you leave this place as good as you found it, or else I'll inform on you, and I mean it too," Burton was sitting on the bed now, looking airly about the camp. "Nice little place the Burchils got here—eh, Raymond?"

"If you had a place off here of your ow that you'd put a lot of work and money on would you like every fellow that passed along to break in and take charge and—there is such a thing you know as 'do to others as you would like them to do to you' ".—Raymond was addressing the two men.

Another guffaw of laughter from Pete and Ned—evidently Raymond's remark was to them a huge joke, or rather, they were pretending it was.

"You go through that cupboard, Pete, and see what you can rustle in the way of grub while I light a fire," demanded Ned.

"We're fixed for a good feed," grinned Pete, rummaging in the cupboard. Here's coffee—canned soup—and, we're in luck, here's pancake-flour!" So before long the pair were revelling in their "big feed," of food from the Burchmill's cupboard.

* * *

WHILE this was going on, the two seventeen year olders sitting on the bed, laughed and joked with each other paying (evidently) no attention to the two working about the stove. Then they, too, got out their lunch, lit their little "canned heat" stove and heated up their beans. The camp began to get warm. Pete and Ned were puffing away at cigarettes as though highly amused at the rollicking pair on the bed—who were acting for all the world as though they were having the time of their lives.

"Well, we're good and warm now and our bellies are full so what say we hop along?" sugested Pete. "Needn't bother washin' the dishes the boys there can do that—they believe in leaving things nice, and they'll have lots of time to do it in." With that, almost before the boys knew what was happening, Ned and Pete were out of the camp door, had fastened the padlock on the outside and, were belowing great bursts of laughter and, in between, calling out, "So long—don't smash anything to get out! . . . Wouldn't be right you know when the place isn't yours!"

Roars of laughter then intermingled with the crackling of twigs and the slumping of their feet as the men moved farther and farther from the camp.

"I'd like to 'smash' their heads!" and now Burton was pulling at the door. "Gee, we're locked in Raymond! The rats have left us here."

Raymond laughed. "Well, the main thing just now is, Burt, let's keep our heads. I wouldn't let a pair of rats like that make me mad. Everyone in the place knows what they're like—cowards at bottom. I pride myself on being a bit of a philosopher—never let a disturbing circumstance get on top of you, my boy (He was trying to use a fartherly tone but his big brown eyes were laughing), You get on top of it, and then—the thing isn't there, Savey?"

"Right-oh! We'll take dad's philosophy too, always to sleep on a hard thing before coming to a decision, so lete's just enjoy the night here and leave things to the morning. Of course, if we've got to we can smash through a window or door, we're not helpless guys; but I rather hate smashing things that don't belong to a fellow even now."

They finished off their evening by reading some magazines that had been left in the camp; but about nine-thirty Burton announced laughingly, "Lights out!" Then he hastily scribbled with a lead pencil on a margin of his magazine:

"Suitable prayer for the occasion; 'Quicken our brains in the morning to show us the best way out!' He showed it to Raymond. "That's mine for tonight—prayer."

"Great! Same here."

The two pulled the bedding about them and turned over.

Burton wakened at five o'clock. The light was burning. Raymond was over there fumbling at the door.

"Raymond, what in thunder are you up to?"

"Trying to take the door off the hinges with my jack-knife and the can-opener," laughed back Raymond. "A little hard turning the screws but I've got one out. You take your knife and try your hand on that top hinge."

But now Burton was nosing about the camp and at last down on his knees looking under the bed.

"Ha!" at last he exclaimed. "Didn't I know that Bill Burchill would have a kit of tools somewhere about," and he pulled a box from under the bed, a box containing screws, nails, screw-driver, etc. I expect it's supposed to be 'hidden' under the bed; but—here you are, screw-driver to manipulate those screws with!"

SO, in twenty minutes, or so, the hinges were off and the door was then moved sufficiently to let them both through to the porch, though the door was, of course, still padlocked on the other side at the other edge.

"Now, if we only had a key that would unlock that padlock we would be all right for we can't go away and leave this door off at the hinges," and Burton hurriedly edged his way back into the camp and began to fuss round amongst the contents of the box he had found hoping to find some old keys he could try on the padlock, but he was not successful. So, now the pair were surely in a dilemma. But, finally, Raymond gave a yell of triump, dug into a pocket and was soon triumphantly holding up a ring with several keys on it and saying,

"Nearly all those cheap padlocks will take the same key—I've a key of our wood-shed here, where I keep my bicycle—". With that he was fumbling with the key at the padlock and—the key turned, the padlock opened, and the door was free to open at the right side. How the boys roared with laughter.

"Now, let's have our breakfast, then we'll put the hinges back on the inside of the door, fasten the padlock, on the outside and—off we'll go, after we tidy up the camp as good as we found it. So, they did just that.

Pete and Ned were taking a ten o'clock breakfast in the somewhat tumble-down cottage where they batched, at the end of town. A big knock came on the door. When Pete opened it there stood two grinning boys—Burton and Raymond.

"Morning! Just called to wish you a happy New Year," said Burton in friendly tone.

The men stared. Finally Ned drawled, "Well, I guess I'll go right up to Burchills and inform them that you've smashed a door or window of their camp."

"We didn't smash—nothing," declared Raymond.

"Oh—yeah! Well how else could ya a got out?" snarled Pete.

"Well, we smashed neither door nor window—left everything just as it was. We're tellin' you straight too," answered Burton quietly. "Now, we'll tell you two children something. To begin with—we're not infants. Secondly—and more important still, we're philosophers. Thirdly, and more important still, we're Christian philosophers. Get that? And this is how we got out:

"When a fellow tries to do right and gets in a tight corner, a power outside of himself that's keeping an eye on him quickens up his brain for him and—he gets ideas. Understand that?"

When the two boys turned briskly away, to their utter amazement, they heard Pete mutter, "Well, them two's got—guts! Wouldn' mind if I'd have been raised like them."

LOYAL SCOUT

(Continued from Page 2.)

Mose; "but oh! Mista L'Estrange, Mike did look funny on de back of de car."

"Thanks, Mose! Goodnight!" cried Hugh, turning quickly to the cab rank.

Mose looked after him. "Shore Mista L'Estrange is in a hurry tonight," he observed to himself.

In the cab shelter Hugh phoned a few hurried words to R.C.M.P. headquarters, then jumping into a car he urged the driver to full speed.

In Main Street they were delayed a little by traffic. The weather cleared as they reached the suburbs. It was wretched driving, but the bad road-conditions would have delayed Doyle's car as well as theirs. When they got clear of the houses the long straight road to the airport lay in front and there about a mile ahead were the tail-lights of a car.

It might not be the car with Doyle and the drawings. Hugh however called his taximan to put on more speed. He responded bravely. The car leaped forward and tore along the road at break-neck speed. If they had struck an obstacle in the road, or had had a blow-out the result would have been disaster, but they ran smoothly, every second bringing them nearer the hurrying red lights.

Suddenly the car in front stopped, the squeal of the brakes coming back through the frosty air! Against the snow a second car could be seen blocking up the road.

There were voices. Then over and above all came a shout, followed by howls and an unexpected noise,—"A-tish—oo! A—tish—oo! Ugh! Ah! Oh! A—tish—oo! A—tish—oo! A—tish—oo!"

As Hugh's car drew abreast of the others a strange scene under the glaring headlights presented itself. Doyle and his taxi-driver stood near their car and with them a small boy. His cap was gone, and his red hair glowed like a torch.

Between this group and a car which had been drawn across the road staggered two men. They held handkerchiefs to their eyes and faces while still they gave vent to cries of pain and distress, "Oh! Ah! Ugh! A—tish—oo! A—tish—ooo!"

Hugh stooped and picked up the two pistols that lay in the road. On the snow also lay two large pepper-pots.

"Well, Mr. Coppinger—and you too, my friend," he said, "it is really too bad you should have such bad colds. You must come back to the city and we'll fix you up!"

As he spoke, over the frozen fields sounded the siren of a third car. In a few seconds, with grinding brakes it drew up beside them. Two Mounties jumped out and in a moment had secured the coughing, sneezing men.

One addressed "Coppinger": "I'm glad to meet you, Mr. 'Coppinger', alias Hermann, alias von Gunther, alias several other things. We shall be pleased at Headquarters to make your better acquaintance!"

* * *

"If you hurry, Doyle, you'll get the plane," said Hugh. "As for you, Mike, you're pretty nearly frozen. Hop in with me."

Mike snuggled up alongside Hugh as they sped citywards, "I really am going to pay you back for the wire, Mr. L'Estrange," he said. "I hope you won't fire me."

"Fire nothing!" answered Hugh. "We're brother Scouts and I have learned that "A Scout is Loyal!"

WHITEFISH FEUD

(Continued from Page 4.)

the past few days he knew that they couldn't last long.

* * *

ALVIN'S shins cracked against something and he stumbled forward, to fall sprawling. Snow sprinkled down his neck and up his sleeves. What was this he had run nito? He turned his flashlight first to one side and then the other, brushed the loose snow from the edge of a board. They had stumbled against the lifeboat that they left when the blizzard first began! The others grouped behind Alvin and eager eyes studied that snow-covered form of the boat. That meant that they had travelled in a circle and by the luckiest chance they had found the lifeboat again.

"Now we can start all over again," Alvin yelled above the roar of the blast.

When they left the lifeboat it would be pointing towards the Kofisco, Alvin decided. He faced in the direction that the bow of the boat pointed and noted carefully the direction of the wind. It blew against the front part of his right cheek, not right against the side of his cheek, but a little more straight ahead than that.

"Gather together all of your scarfs and coat belts," Alvin yelled. Then he took out his belt knife and cut the mooring line from the bow of the lifeboat. There were only two neck scarfs in the group but five had coats with belts on them. The scarfs, belts and mooring line were tied into six equal lengths and then Alvin ordered them to spread out onto the ice in a long line holding a scarf or belt between each two of them to keep the band together.

(To Be Continued.)

ANSWERS TO YOUNG PEOPLE'S BIBLE READING

1. In Northern Israel, probably in Galilee.
2. The country was in a state of anarchy and the people were wicked.
3. "Then shall we know if we follow on to know the Lord."
4. "I desire mercy and not sacrifice."
5. "I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely."
6. The lily, the olive, the fir, the cedar (referred to but not actually named in this passage), the vine, the wheat.

Northern Messenger

A 16-Page Sunday Magazine
Published Weekly

A Christian Service for the Whole Family of the Sunday School Scholar

INTERDENOMINATIONAL
See further description elsewhere

To Home Addresses

Prepaid—by the Year—

Single Subscriptions ..... 80 cts.
CLUB rates to separate addresses
3 or more at 70 cts. each.
6 or more at 65 cts. each.

REDUCED PREPAID RATES

To Sunday Schools

6 or more to one address at 50c. each.

(or on yearly contract payable quarterly, 13c per quarter.)

ABOUT POSTAGE

Above rates include postage throughout Br. Empire (*except as below*).

EXTRA POSTAGE: For Greater Montreal (city of publication), Australia and oversea foreign countries 50 cts extra for single subscriptions.

For U.S.A. and Philippines 25 cts extra.

S. S. packages to such addresses by arrangement.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS PLEASE NOTE

If the bundle is to be sent to a new address, please state both old and new. The bundle should always go in the name of the official *most permanently interested,* though it may be addressed to him in C/o someons more convenient to S.S. or P.O.

Our Remarkable Introductory Offer

would interest some S. S. friend of yours who may not know what the Messenger is like today. It will be sent on request.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers,
P.O. Box 3070, Place d'Armes,
Montreal, Quebec.

Keep your WITS WORKING

CAN YOU FIGURE THESE OUT?

1. A certain figure when multiplied by two will produce the same answer as it will when divided by two. Can you think of this figure?

2. If eggs cost you twenty-six cents a dozen, how many will the grocer give you for a cent and a quarter?

3. If a goose weighs ten pounds and half its own weight, what is the weight of the goose?

4. A frog, anxious to get out, was at the bottom of a well which was thirty feet deep. Each day the frog jumped up three feet, but regularly slipped back two feet. How many days did it take him to get out?

WHAT BIRD?

1. A fine swimmer and diver. Loves the mountain lakes. Has a strange, weird call which is startling when first heard. Indian name in Hiawatha is "Mahng".

2. Nests in Arctic regions but migrates principally along our Atlantic and Pacific coasts. An Indian chief famous in Canadian history was named after this bird. A town is named after this chief.

3. Dark in color with beady black eyes. Is at home in thickets and shrubs. Destroys enormous quantities of insects. Has a call like a well-known domestic animal. Sometimes imitates other birds.

RHYMING RIDDLE

My 1st is in savage. It isn't in tame.
My 2nd's in play. It isn't in game.
My 3rd's in frost. It isn't in snow.
My 4th's in picture. It isn't in show.
My 5th's in now. It's also in then.
My 6th's in goose. It isn't in hen.
My 7th's in fancy. It isn't in thought.
My 8th's in sold. It isn't in bought.
My 9th's in round. It isn't in flat.
My 10th's in weasel. It isn't in rat.
My 11th's in sleep. It's also in snore.
My 12th's in pierce. It's also in bore.
My 13th's in sun. It isn't in moon.
My whole I suppose we expect very soon.

BIBLE PUZZLE

1. Ra - - - A frontier city.
2. Ra - - - - A city of the south.
3. R - - - - - - - - - - - - - - . Samuel's father lived there.
4. Ra - - - - - - - - - Samson had a fight there.
5. Ra - - - - - - - - - - A city of Gad.
6. Ra - - - - - A city in Goshen.
7. Ra - - - - - - A treasure city built by the Israelites.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

BIBLE PUZZLE

1. Epaphras. Col. 1:7; 4:12; Phm. 23.
2. Epaphroditus. Phil. 2:25; 4:18.
3. Epenetus. Rom. 16:5.
4. Ephesus. Acts 18:19, etc.
5. Epicurean. Acts 17:18.
6. Epistles.

BIBLE ACROSTIC

J ericho. Joshua 6.
E gypt.
R amoth-Gilead. 1 Kings 22.
U lai. Dan. 8:2.
S ardius. Rev. 1:11.
A bana. 2 Kings 5:12.
L ebanon. Deut. 1:7, etc.
E dom. Gen. 32:3, etc.
M idian. Judg. 6:3.

Bible Problem—

Micaiah—Damaris

M e r o D
I n d i A
C a p e r n a u M
A n n A
I m m e R
A b I
H e r o d i a S

Rhyming Riddle.—Easter eggs.

HE WAVED HIS HAND

We met upon a lonely road;
He drove a truck, I walked;
He waved his hand, and I waved mine;
But neither of us talked.

And yet a message came to me,
And I sent one to him.
That wave fanned up a flame of love,
Which had been growing dim.
We probably shall never meet
In any other way:
But what a sense of kinship came
Between us two that day!

—Arden M. Rockwood in N.S.W. Presbyterian.

(From the *Messenger*, March 22.)

Try This One.—Q.—Have you any eggs? A.—We have eggs. Q.—Have you any ham? A.—We have ham. The man said: I'll have ham and eggs.

Salesgirl—Here's a lovely doll. You lay it down and it closes its eyes and goes to sleep like a real baby.

Customer (mother of seven)—Have you ever put a real baby to sleep, girlie?

COULD SHE START ON A CALF?

HERE is a land-girl story which is being told in the Old Country. A woman tried to join up.

"What can you do?" she was asked.

"I'll try anything," she replied.

"Do you think you could milk a cow?"

"I don't know. I could try."

"It's hard work."

"Yes, but couldnt I start on a small one—a calf!"—English Papers.

A dashing young fellow named Tim
Drove his car with a great deal of vim.
Said he: "I'm renowned
For covering ground."
But, alas, now the ground covers him.

Little Agnes, aged three, wanted to show mother that she could bathe herself. She got along for a little bit. Finally she called out: "Please, Mummy, come wash my back—it's so far behind me."

NO SALE

All down one street he went without making a sale. He determined to try a new method. At the next house a grumpy woman answered the knock.

"Have you a Charles Dickens in your home?" he asked politely.

"No!" snapped the woman.

"Or a Robert Louis Stevenson?"

"No!"

"Or a Walter Scott?" continued the canvasser, hope dawning in his eyes.

"No, we ain't" said the woman, sharply. "And what's more, I don't take in lodgers. Try next door; they do."

TOO EARLY FOR MILK

A couple of tourists called at a Maine farm house on an early morning recently. "We were wondering," spoke up the lady, "if we could get a glass of fresh milk?"

"Now, that's too bad," sympathized the housewife, "but you see we live quite a ways from the city, and the milkman hasn't got here yet!"

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

5c Per Word (minimum $1.00). Six consecutive insertions without change 4c per word per insertion.

PATENTS

An offer to every inventor. List of inventions and full information sent free. The Ramsay Company, World Patent Attorneys. 273 Bank Street, Ottawa, Canada.

SEEDS

A Garden for 25c—Enclose 25c for 10 Large Packets, (all different) of the choicest seeds and free catalogue. BOX 3, Clinton, Ontario.

TUNA FISH PUFFS

Combine 1 cup of bread crumbs, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon prepared mustard, 1 tablespoon grated onion and 2 cups of milk and cook over low heat for 10 minutes. Add 1 cup flaked tuna fish and the slightly beaten yolks of 4 eggs. Cool and fold in stiffly beaten egg white. Pour into greased custard cups, set in a pan of warm water and bake in a moderate oven until a silver knife inserted in the centre comes out clean. Creamed green peas or saute mushrooms in a well-seasoned white sauce are delicious with these puffs.

SPAGHETTI TUNA

One-half pound spaghetti, 1 can tuna fish or salmon, 1 tablespoon parsley, chopped, 1 beef cube dissolved in 1-3 cup hot water, 4 tablespoons chopped onion, 1 1-2 cups tomato puree, salt and pepper to season, 1-2 teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon meat sauce.

Method: Cook spaghetti in salted water until tender. Drain oil from fish into hot frying pan, add flaked fish and cook 5 minutes. Add parsley, onion and puree, cover and cook slowly for 10 minutes. Combine spaghetti and fish mixture, season with salt and pepper and mix well. Serve with parsley garnish.

FOR FISH SALADS

Rub the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs through a sieve, add a teaspoon of mixed mustard, a teaspoon of sugar, half a teaspoon of salt, a pinch of cayenne, a pinch of white pepper, and two sardines skinned and boned. When everything is thoroughly mixed add gradually one tablespoon of vinegar, one tablespoon of cream or sterilized milk, and a teaespoon of lemon juice.

LOBSTER CROQUETTES

2 tablespoons butter, 1-3 cup flour, 1 cup milk, 2 cups lobster meat, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1-4 teaspoon mustard, egg and crumbs.

Make a white sauce, using the fat, flour and milk. Add chopped lobster meat, which has been seasoned with lemon juice and mustard. Cool, shape, dip in flour, egg and crumbs and fry in deep fat. Serve with tomato cream sauce.

"Side-Stepping"

EMMA GARY WALLACE

HILDA is about three years of age, There is now another baby in the family, and so her charming young mother has her hands quite full.

Hilda very early must have undergone some experience which initiated a tendency to disclaim responsibility when anything unpleasant happened, even when she knew she was really and truly to blame. Of course no one remembered this unfortunate occurrence.

Mrs. Thorton, the little girl's mother, was worried now because Hilda so often told an out-an-out wrong story to establish an alibi for herself. When water was spilled on the rug, she was quite likely to look up sweetly at the one who was right there and saw her do and say, "My mummy did that! Hilda sorry!"

In fact, her power of invention and resourcefulness in getting out of things was quite amazing, and often it was almost impossible not to laugh at the rapidity with which the child could side-step that from which she wanted to be free.

At first, relatives and friends advised Hilda's mother not to pay any attention to the little one's readness to get out of things.

"That's just a passing phase," one after another of them assured the busy young mother. "It is a good plan not to pay any attention to what Hilda does about such things. Otherwise, you'll be likely to impress upon her mind that what she says and does under such circumstances will receive attention, and then she may continue simply to secure that attention. She'll soon get over the habit of concocting those queer little yarns."

But it didn't work out that way. Instead of that, the child seemed to develop an even greater faculty for invention for the sake of denial.

Even when her face was smeared with berry pie, she looked up serenely and declaed, "Hilda good girl. Janie (her little cousin) eat berry pie. I say 'No, no,' but Janie wouldn't listen."

As Hilda's mother thought the matter over, she could bring to mind several of her own acquantances who never according to their account, were to blame for anything. Those persons were not looked upon as dependable, and as Hilda's mother saw it, they must have formed this habit when they were young and kept on fostering it.

It did not seem sensible to her to let Hilda continue to develop this habit. So the next time her little daughter told a "fairy tale" of this kind, Mrs. Thorton at once brought her to account.

"No, Hilda," she said firmly, "Janie didn't break the glass tumbler. You let it fall and it broke. Don't you remember?"

"Janie broke tumbler," Hilda insisted, looking straight into her mother's eyes.

What was to be done? No one had actually seen what hapened, but Janie was not at hand when the glass fell.

Mrs. Thorton took her small daughter by the hand, led her into a side room and placed her in a chair.

"Please stay here, Hilda," she said, "until you are able to tell Mother the true story about the tumbler. I want you to think about what really happened, and then come and tell me about it. Don't come until you can tell it just right. Perhaps it will be hard for you, but I think you can do it."

It wasn't long before Hilda came and told just what happened. Then her mother said gently, "Thank you, Hilda. I enjoyed that story. We don't like fairy stories about things we do. We tell true stories about all the things we do. When you tell true stories, people believe you and love you."

After this, the one word "True?" uttered questioningly by her mother quickly brought a truthful statement from Hilda, and it was not long before all evidence of a desire to side-step responsibility had completely disappeared.

(Issued by the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th St., New York City.)

Following

"So let me follow in my Master's way—
The way of loving-kindness—I would pray
For more devotion to my fellows' need.
Let me the Great Commission undertake,
To preach Thy Word, and selfish care forsake,
Then even I Thy hungry lambs may feed.
For them, oh may Thy love in me abide
And for their sakes let me be sanctified."

—*Exchange.*

COUNTRY PAPER

The office boy entered the editor's office and said: "There's a tramp outside who says he hasn't had anything to eat for six days."

"Bring him in," said the editor. "If we can find out how he does it we can run this paper a while longer."

Northern Messenger

APRIL 5, 1940.

ABOLISH THE SLUMS

SIR GERALD CAMPBELL, High Commissioner in Canada for the United Kingdom, speaking at the annual meeting of the University Settlement, Montreal, stressed the importance of bringing some beauty into the lives of those living in the cities.

He suggested that perhaps, after this war, there might be an exodus to the country by city dwellers, owing to the danger of cities as targets for air raids, and the fact that factories tended less and less to call for intensive population in any single area.

If that exodus did not occur he considered that more attention should be paid to beautifying the cities, the dwellings, public places and public parks. "Every city park would save money in city hospitals," he remarked.

At the same meeting welfare workers told of rat-infested dwellings where it is impossible to leave children on the floor for fear of attack, and basements with inches of water on the floors as examples of some of the squalid conditions under which many people have to live.

"A lot of the houses are old and damp," one worker said, "and yet the landlords make no attempt to make them habitable."

Another worker said that their greatest problem was the irregular and deficient diet of a large number of the children.

These conditions are existing in a Canada which is supposed to have recovered from the "depression" and which is,—quite necessarily,—spending fabulous sums in our war effort. The conditions described are in Montreal, but could be matched in other cities in Canada.

It is not our place either to apportion the blame or to suggest a remedy. That is the duty of experts. But ordinary common sense declares that a cure must be found, and speedily found, for these conditions.

The Government has been sustained in Canada in the recent General Election by an unprecedented majority, the voters evidently agreeing with Abraham Lincoln that "it's not well to swap horses when crossing a stream." In thus trusting its leaders, the nation looks to them to continue their co-operation with the Allies in the war.

But this is only part of the Government's duty. It would be a very poor victory to overthrow tyranny abroad while allowing grasping landlords to ignore the laws of health with regard to the tenements and houses they rent to wretched and helpless humanity. Only by securing conditions for decent living for its citizens can Canada or any other country prove worthy of its place in the sun.

THE GREATEST LEGACY

MANY these days are concerned with the future of the world as it may affect their children, the future of their children in a strange, unsettled world.

In former days, they say, if their children were left a reasonable competence,—provided of course that their health was good and their character worthy,—their future was assured. But today the only thing certain is uncertainty. Nations are locked in struggle and within them and around them there rages an invisible war of ideas and ideals. No one can foretell the issue. In view of all this, how should young people be fitted for life?

Joseph P. Kennedy, United States Ambassador to Great Britain was interviewed by Herbert Ashley for the *Strand Magazine.*

Mr. Ashley asked the Ambassador how he was bringing up his children "to face this bewildered world." Mr. Kennedy's reply was straightforward:

"My wife and I, I suppose, would be considered old-fashioned parents. We are trying to bring up our children simply and normally. We feel that the greatest legacy we can leave them is a belief in God, good health and an education. We hope to help develop the character and endurance which will help them in facing whatever their world will be."

Mr. Ashley comments: "Character is revealed by small things. When the Ambassador was looking at some notes I had taken dealing with what legacy he wanted his children to have, he underlined the words 'a belief in God.'"

Mr. Kennedy is a remarkable man. Like many of his countrymen, he has made his way from the bottom to the top of the ladder. He is a close friend of Mr. Roosevelt. Mr Kennedy would not minimize political or social advantages, but it is easy to see that he does not regard them as of supreme importance. They after all are outward and almost accidental. They are not part of oneself.

Man is a "trinity", his nature is three-fold, body, mind and spirit. In the perfect man or woman the three-fold nature must develop harmoniously. If there is a failure here there is danger of the whole system being thrown out of gear.

There is a tendency in many quarters today to give first place to physical fitness and bodily development. Second,—often a long way second,—comes the storing and development of the mind. Third, if they are considered at all, come the things of the spirit. Mr. Kennedy would reverse this order. While recognizing the importance of good health and education, he underlines as the great essential "a belief in God."

Of course it goes without saying that "belief" must be more than intellectual belief. It must be a faith that works out in practice. One's belief must have as its first foundation Honesty. Belief of any kind without this foundation is fruitless and unreal.

Some people say "it does not matter what you believe as long as you live right." But what you honestly believe will affect not only your conduct, but your whole outlook on life—your whole attitude to God, to your neighbor and to yourself. A man may say he believes in a God of love and yet himself

(Please turn to Page 16.)

A SMILE FROM THE QUEEN

THE QUEEN has no sons of her own, but her motherly heart goes out to the boys who have enrolled themselves to fight for the freedom of Europe. She often visits the hospitals and chats with the sick and wounded. The picture at the left shows Her Majesty as she bestowed a smile of encouragement upon a patient in a Royal Air Force hospital somewhere in England's "west country" which she and King George toured recently. No wonder the patient looks at her as if she were a vision from another world.

WHICH MAKES IT UNANIMOUS

HERE are some charming lines by a Mr. Charles Clark. They appeared first in an American paper:—

I used to think I'd hate to be His Majesty the King
And have to go upon parade while people shout and sing;
To have to change my uniform a dozen times a day
And take a scheduled part in ceremonial display.

To have to live in that fierce light that beats upon a throne.
Had nothing glamorous for me—I'd rather live my own.
That's how I felt about the King; 'twas natural, I ween,—
But I confess I changed my mind the day I saw the Queen.

THE GREATEST LEGACY

(Continued from Page 15.)

have a heart full of grudges and resentments against others and even against God (although in that case he merely calls it resentment against circumstances). An honest belief in a God of love will never let us rest until we have His love for those who are by nature disagreeable to us.

HENRI DUNANT, FOUNDER OF THE RED CROSS

IT is an extraordinary fact that, though the whole world knows of the beneficent work of the International Red Cross, not one individual in ten thousand knows the name of its founder. His story is a strange tale, for though Henri Dunant wrought a great work in compelling the nations to establish the Red Cross he was far from achieving greatness himself.

He was a citizen of Geneva, born in 1828 into a home of characteristic Genevan piety. His calling was that of a banker, and the itch for riches led him to financial schemes that had no promise of success and eventually to bankruptcy.

Almost by accident he was present at Solferino, where he forgot himself in devoted service of the wounded and the dying, and his story of that day, '*A Recollection of Solferino*', was everywhere read and everywhere aroused the same feeling of horror and the same feeling of determination to do something at least to mitigate the sufferings of the wounded in warfare.

Dunant himself was tireless in touring Europe to arouse interest in the organization he founded, but though the Red Cross was almost wholly his work others soon took the control from him, and after his financial crash, which drove him to actual beggary, even the men of his own generation forgot him.

In old age, when he was found living in an almshouse, a Nobel Prize was given to him in 1901, but he was again at once forgotten—and forgotten and almost friendless he died in his almshouse in 1910.—Methodist Recorder.

Jim—I can tell you how much water to the quart goes over Niagara Falls.

Joe—Bet you can't. How much?

Jim—Two pints.

Fishing Folk Organize Community Medical Aid

FACED with the problem of providing themselves with suitable medical services, residents of the Johnstown —Big Pond area in Richmond County, Nova Scotia, organized a community medical plan recently. About 300 families formed the community health association with a membership fee of $5.00 per annum, whereby they receive one free home visit by the doctor and free consultations at the doctor's office.

Second and subsequent home visits are paid for on a reasonable basic fee, plus charges for travelling at a rate per mile on way. A considerable fishing industry is carried on among the residents of the county, through which passes a branch line of the Canadian National Railways, connecting with the Truro-Sydney main line at Point Tupper.